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BY VICTOR LIGHTWORSHIP

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TABOO Editorial

STRICTLY SPEAKING



Write TABOO Magazine
8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900,
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Or e-mail us at taboo@lfp.com

Today we observe a very important anniversary in the long struggle for sexual freedom of expression by publishing words and pictures that would never have seen daylight were it not for the historic court decision *Miller v. California* handed down by the U.S. Supreme Court 40 years ago.

It's hard to believe, or for a younger generation to imagine, how limited sexual expression was in this country prior to the 1973 ruling. It wasn't just sexually explicit depictions that were subject to federal prosecution for obscenity. Substantial works of literature ranging from James Joyce's *Ulysses* to Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* (the work litigated in the actual case) were unavailable to American readers. Important foreign films

couldn't be exhibited here, and museums were afraid to hang paintings by established masters for fear of being raided. The quaint 16mm films of Bettie Page's burlesque routines were enough to get distributor Irving Klaw put out of business by the feds. All that changed when the High Court determined that for a work to be considered obscene it had to meet three rather ambiguous standards. The work taken as a whole had to appeal to prurient interests as defined by "the average person" (whoever that is). It had to depict or describe in a patently offensive way sexual conduct or excretory functions. It must possess no serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value.

This was certainly a vast improvement over the patchwork of local statutes and ordinances under which almost anything could be suppressed, but it left intact the basic principle that so-called adult obscenity was not protected under the First Amendment, which is why we still have obscenity prosecutions. The survival of the absurd notion that consenting adults shouldn't be free to create or consume material that otherwise violates no law haunts us to this day. The community standards test is particularly antiquated in our era of instant global communication when the definition of "community" has no objective geographical measure. *Miller* needs an update. The *Miller* test and laws against the mythical menace of "adult obscenity" remain obsolete affronts to the basic liberties of all citizens. Let's celebrate *Miller v. California* by bringing it into the 21st century.

—Ernest Greene, Executive Editor





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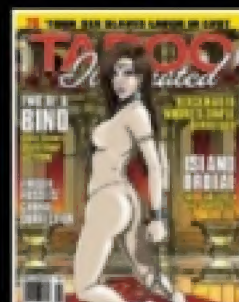
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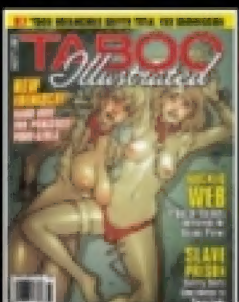
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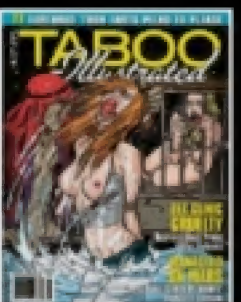
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Being a rope whore suits Lucy just fine, especially when the man she meets in the anonymous motel room knows what he's doing. He knows she likes things a little scary so he gets her down to her stockings right away and bends her over for a hard spanking. She gives him some good wiggling while her tail heats up, eager for some cock. Wanting her little heart pounding first, he ties her hands to a cinch around her neck so she has to hold still to breathe, then plays with her spread slit to make it a challenge.

Lucy's actually pouting a little by the time he hauls her to her feet and lashes her hands over her head. With the ankle ropes on she's certainly open nice and wide. Good thing he's tall and his dick is so long. He can fuck her that way easily. Lucy's nipple flesh hardens around the metal bars. She's embarrassingly easy in this situation. If she's going to come without asking like that she obviously needs more spanking. Not until she's uniformly pink inside and out does he flip her over in the chair and make her hold her legs back so he can slide it in again. Tied over the table with one knee up, she looks back at him, trying to guess which hole he'll use next. That's the fun thing about this job. It's full of surprises, and Lucy will be full herself one place or the other most of the time.







Strictly Bondage
Lightworship
130 pages, B&W
Goliath
P.O. Box 136
New York, NY 10035
www.goliathbooks.com

TABOO readers already know the high esteem in which we hold the photographic work of Lightworship, as it appears in these pages regularly. In the BDSM genre, few deliver such passionate intensity and narrative imagination so consistently.

This terrific collection of his recent images spotlights the virtues for which he's justly regarded in high relief. The girls he photographs are invariably lovely, and he shows them off to best advantage in his elaborate bondage scenarios. His *shitburi*-style rope restraints are meticulously constructed, body-flattering and unabashedly sexual. His attention to detail in costumes, sets and props highlights the narrative tension that runs through his classic rendering of favorite BDSM fantasies. Particularly rare and effective is his meticulous coaching of his models' responses. Their imploring facial expressions alternate with ecstatic physical reactions in a way that draws the viewer into the moment.

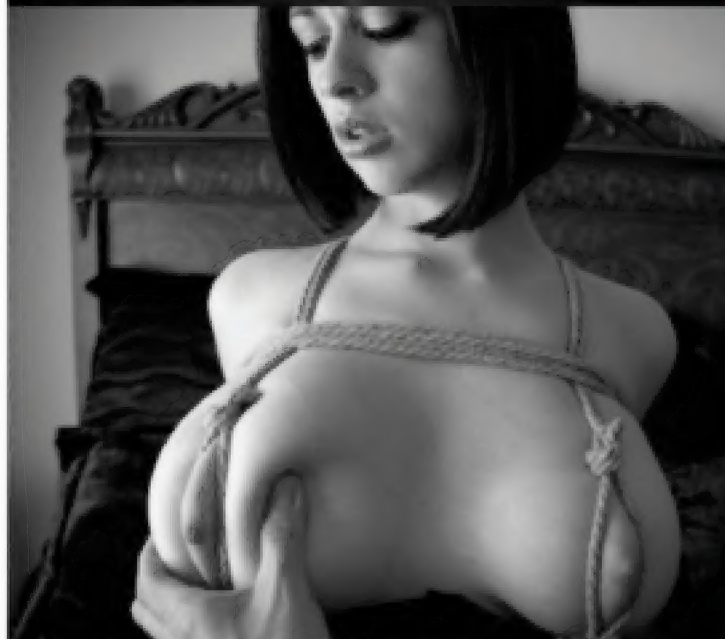
An important aspect of Lightworship's magic is his knack for combining familiar fetish tropes with unexpected twists. An innocent bride may find herself trussed *kinbaku* style. A voluptuous blonde ends up bound, mostly naked, to an antique wheelchair with bandages in the laboratory of a mad scientist. A woman executive is liable to be restrained on her own desk by the building's janitor.

There's nothing hokey or stagey about these images either. The canes and paddles make deep indentations on the soft parts. The penetrating objects are large and fully inserted. The suspensions are both challenging for the model and created for easy access in the mind of the viewer. As bizarre as Lightworship's inspirations may be, the feeling is always realistic.

In no small measure, this is attributable to the presence of the artist himself, who appears in his images as the corrupt priest, the spooky janitor, the seemingly normal businessman in a jacket and tie who just happens to be carrying a naked, hogtied girl as if she were a briefcase. There's a dark wit to these guest appearances that Alfred Hitchcock would have appreciated.

If you buy one book of bondage photography this year, you'll be glad if it's this one. Ultrafine. Ultrafine.

—Ernest Greene, Executive Editor



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TABOO READERS
RANT AND RAVE



Please keep those letters coming!
—xxoo Hanna

A PEE FLOWS IN BROOKLYN

Wow! I just received the August 2013 issue of TABOO. The photo of Brooklyn (*Brooklyn—Fire in the Irons*) shackled with a ball-gag in her mouth and a golden stream of pee pouring out of her pussy on the first page made my dick stand at attention. I love photos of women peeing! Keep them coming.

—Eric, Waterbury, Connecticut



SHOCKS ROCK

Starting with the caged BJ, your November 2013 photo-set *Alani and Owen—Pain Asylum* just keeps building. Owen fucking Alani while she's bound to the post with her tits wired is powerful stuff in more ways than one, but when he fucks her in the ass with the electric butt-plug in her pussy it sends the voltage meter off the dial. This is the kind of hardcore dungeon action that keeps me buying your magazine issue after issue. Give us more great work from Pony Gold.

—L. Champlain, Reno, Nevada



BREATHLESS FOR ASPHYXIA

Asphyxia (*Asphyxia—Opening Night*) in your November 2013 issue is one sultry slave. I love the way she takes a hard paddling and the look on her face when the anal probe makes her gape, but the shot of her looking up while she's bound on the wheel with all her holes presented just about knocked me unconscious. Talk about a dominant's dream girl

—W.W., St. Paul, Minnesota



FETISH FOCUS

TABOO'S KINK DU JOUR

Ridden Hard and Put Away Wet

Photography by LEE FORBES

There are few more durable, representative and appealing icons of fetish style than the ponygirl. Long-legged women with erect posture show up wearing body harnesses, bits and plumed headgear in kinky illustrations dating at least to the artwork of Carlo in the '20s. Babes in elaborate horse tack appear repeatedly in the illustrations of John Willie, who pretty much set the bar for ponygirl art. Whether standing at a hitching rail or hauling a whip-wielding domina around in a sulky, hardly an issue of his *Bizarre* magazine fails to deliver some new variation of the equine beauty. Eric Stanton drew herds of ponygirls throughout his career, and they appear, somewhat comically, in Irving Klaw's 8mm loops as well.

As fetish play has become more popular, whole clubs devoted to "pony play" have sprung up throughout Europe and the U.S. There are online forums devoted to discussion of pony play's fine points.

5,000 members. There's even a Human Pony Registry where riders can list their mounts and exchange tips on tack and training.

As with most fetishes, the origins of the ponygirl fixation are murky and obscure, though not without a certain logic. Anyone who knows his or her way around a real stable can attest to the obvious physical overlap between horseback riding and domination. Leather straps and steel bits are instruments of control used to direct a horse's movements. Whips and crops of every size and description are employed in training horses for show or track.

Moreover, anyone with the slightest pervy imagination who has ever ridden in a horse-drawn vehicle can't help but be struck by the way in which the horse's hindquarters are presented to the driver's gaze and disposed for natural use of the lash. We suspect that the earliest manifestations of ponygirl fetishism arose out of just such a visual association.

not only inhibit conversation, when attached to leather straps, they allow for very specific positioning of the wearer's head. Special boots with hooved soles impose a stiffly restricted gate on anyone laced into them. Body harnesses provide convenient attachment points while emphasizing and displaying appealing feminine anatomy. Modified martingale straps between the legs can be used to enable a pony master to stimulate a partner internally with a few strategic tugs here and there.

Most importantly, the combination of these things can be most effective at controlling a mounted girl's movements and positions while being fucked. Though public pony play is very much about posture training, proper lifting of the legs and the visual delights of bitted and blinkered femininity, in private it's the ability to precisely maneuver a fettered human filly during a good podgering—generally encouraged with the strategic application of the whip here and there—that offers pony play's most primal appeal, although that benefit comes at the cost of limiting a harnessed girl's ability to give a decent BJ. Head harnesses devised for humans often have removable bits for that very reason.

Beyond the mutual appeal of pony play as a D/s enhancement to carnal pleasures, there is a certain showgirl glamour to the look of a ponygirl, particularly one wearing only a tight harness, a tall plume and a tailed butt-plug, that combines elegance with raunch. The

pony partner is usually exposed in the flesh, incapable of human speech, unable to keep from drooling around the bit, subject to whipping at any time and frequently packed in one or more intimate orifices. The combination of humiliation and striking and presentation can be a terrific turn-on at either end of the reins.

Says fetish model Anna Rose of *alterpic.com*, "I love to be a ponygirl! It makes me feel like a pet and I love the attention I receive. I also love to be trained. It's very exciting for me to receive a demanding order that I have to obey to get a reward when I perform well and to be punished when I fail. I also like pony play very much because I enjoy being dressed in leather or rubber in a very restrictive fashion, knowing that some (if not all) men really love to see me this way."

Combining bondage, discipline and exhibitionism with convenience for sexual use, the appeal of pony play touches on a variety of fetishes simultaneously. Though some players go to the length of adopting "pony names" for their play personae and imitate equine sounds and gestures, the real thrill of pony play is the mutual awareness that the one wearing the harness is very much a human woman temporarily subject to equestrian restraints for sexual purposes. Anyone who has had the pleasure of backing a harnessed girl onto a hard cock with a tug of the reins pulling her head back can appreciate the appeal. □



There are vendors of specialized gear adapted for wear by human "ponies." At large-scale events, enthusiasts gather for human pony races and show contests where judges award ribbons based on meticulousness of costume, proper bearing and the performance of various tricks. The pony-play group on the mammoth kink social networking site *FetLife* boasts nearly

Equestrian equipment of all sorts is devised for the sole purpose of control and offers many means of inflicting it, from the bit and bridle through the reins to the variety of flagellation instruments used for getting the attention of an often stubborn and wayward creature.

It's not a vast inductive leap to picture such things modified for human use. Rubber bit-gags

rigidly imposed erect stance and high-stepping gait are reminiscent of a chorus line dance performance. The compulsory exhibition of the body is naturally theatrical in an undeniably sexualized way that excites both players and onlookers.

At the same time, there is an element of humiliation intrinsic to the whole scenario. The



lea TAIL SPIN

Photography by DAVE NAZ

He said he was going to punish my ass, but I didn't think he meant it so literally until he tightened the ropes around my butt cheeks. Bent over the chair, my tail stuck right out there for that damned paddle with the holes in it. He really just wanted his favorite parts of me stuck out there, but he made me hurt plenty for a little sneaky masturbation. My pussy only figured into his calculations as another sensitive spot to cane after he opened my tailpipe with the glass prod. I don't mind having my sphincters spread, but it's hard to enjoy with the stinging rattan biting the backs of my thighs. When he rolls me over and pounds the stick into my glutes I can't help yowling, even though I know I'll just get my mouth stuffed with a gag. At least he takes a minute to play with my fuckhole while the bumpy glass cylinder slides in and out of my tighter tunnel.

I know I'm going to be fucked back there sooner or later. That's why I'm in the bathroom getting a couple of quarts of cold, cramp-inducing milk up my plumbing. My ass guts swell, but there's nothing I can do about it until my abdomen is distended to his satisfaction. Then I have to expel while he watches so he knows I'm flushed out properly for his cock. Something tells me I'll be flipped back over that chair again soon.











URINATION NATION

ALLIE

FEATURING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Allie has been holding it all day as ordered. She can be quite stubborn, bringing out the worst in him. The big steel cunt-hook angles in just right to poke her bladder from behind and the whip stings much worse on wet skin, but she won't beg for permission to let her golden liquid go, not just yet. It takes the thump of the heavy flogger on her quivering ass and distended abdomen to shatter her control. The flood comes before Allie can babble out a request for permission. She bursts into tears, knowing he'll really punish her now.

It's something sick, of course. Knowing she's still keeping some back, he makes her piss out the rest into a glass, pops in the ring-gag and pours the stinking urine down Allie's throat and over her face. Only when he's worked her sodden, sticky body to the edge of release does the real begging begin. Allie appreciates what he gives her because he knows how to make her work for it.





BY NINA HARTLEY

TABOO'S Sub-Space is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.

DEAR NINA,

My boyfriend and I love reading TABOO and have learned a lot from your columns. I especially enjoy playing with fear. I trust him and know he would never really do anything dangerous. Something I find both scary and attractive is electrical play. We've seen some layouts in the magazine that show it. What options do we have? What should my boyfriend be aware of to keep it safe for us? What can I expect to experience?

—Charged Up, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Charged Up:

Before getting down to details, a disclaimer: To keep electrical play safe, never, ever, place any leads above the waist. The heart is an electrically controlled pump, and improperly done play can cause arrhythmias or, worse, cardiac arrest. Nothing ruins a fun night of play like a visit from the EMTs or the resulting legal troubles.

Some options include electrified butt-plugs and dildos, violet wands and a recently introduced "mini cattle prod" called the TAZapper.

Violet wands are a good way to start electrical play. The base unit plugs into the wall and when a button is pressed, delivers a crackling jolt of static electricity through the attachment head as well as a pretty purple light. Available attachments include blown glass tubes in various shapes. Accessories for the violet wand can also be made of metal (one I saw was a slinky-type spring that could be used with a whipping motion) or with Mylar strips, which are very sparky indeed. Your boyfriend can electrify himself, too, making it easy to tease and delight you as he runs his hands over your body. If he raises his fingertips even a fraction of an inch, creating the arc, you will dance uncontrollably, likely while giggling.

Violet wands don't really hurt unless the end of the unit is held away from the body, creating an arc of electricity from toy to skin. The static charge can really bite, though it does no lasting damage. Not knowing when, or where, he'll pull the attachment away really can make a girl sweat!

Never run the attachments over metal body jewelry, which can lead to burns where the metal runs under your skin. Also, be aware that if the user touches his partner while the wand is active, it's possible to create an accidental circuit that may deliver a real punch to both of you. The wand isn't a dangerous toy, but it does need to be used with caution to prevent minor mishaps.

The TAZapper, a relatively new gizmo on the scene that's sure to become a favorite, is battery-operated. It has an eight-inch black plastic base for the batteries and a seven-inch tapered "blade" with two metal contact points at the tip.

Pressing the On button

SUB SPACE



will produce a loud crackling sound when the tip hits skin. It's most effective when used with a whipping motion, the hot points only contacting flesh for a second. I've really danced with this one, as my Master finds it most amusing to see me jump and squeal as he applies it all over my body, including my pussy. It's loud and sharp and seems much meaner than it actually is. It's more about the noise, the flash and the sense of surprise.

I do not recommend using actual cattle prods bought at the feed store, though I've certainly seen them in action. They deliver a very strong charge that's in no way sensual and penetrates too deeply into the skin for my taste. I know some highly masochists who love them, but they can burn you and there's no research to prove they can safely be used on humans.

My favorite electric toy is the Erostek power unit. It plugs into the wall or can operate on a nine-volt battery. Its main controls are three dials: one for frequency and one for intensity for each of its two channels, enabling you to operate two attachments at the same time. It can also be programmed to produce stimulation in various patterns. Your boyfriend can play around with "random," "wave," "torment" or "orgasm." Current is delivered through a variety of accessories, most made from unbreakable, washable acrylic (their transparency is nice for looking down the orifice into which they're inserted). The range of attachments includes butt-plugs in various sizes, electrified phalli, clitoral shields and nasty little pinpoint probes.

The rhythmic pulsations from the generator make the clit shield operate much like a vibrator, which can be very pleasant. I'm less enthusiastic for the vaginal insertables because they're not always compatible with my internal anatomy. In order to prevent an unpleasant indoor jolt, the wired device needs to remain in constant and complete contact with the surrounding tissues, and pussies are rather complex inside, with hollow areas into which an electric probe can slip with surprising and unwanted results.

My personal preference is the wired butt-plug. Unlike the pussy, the anus is pretty much a straight, uniform tube of muscle tissue as far as the plug will penetrate, so it stays in position and maintains a constant and predictable flow of juice.

Once the plug is attached to the box and in your ass you can fine-tune for the desired sensation, which will make your sphincters contract rhythmically as if you were actually fucking your own ass. With your feedback your partner can achieve the perfect combination of strength, speed and duration.

When you've found the right settings, all you have to do is lie there and let it happen, as you won't be able to resist the effects of your twitching butt. If your boyfriend adds oral sex or a vibrator to your clit, you should be screaming for permission to come in moments.

Quality electrical toys are not cheap, but don't give into the temptation to buy used ones or, worse, to attempt inventing your own. Electricity is never without risk, and you want the most reliable equipment you can buy, used in the safest way possible.

That's the quick version. Find a toy that looks appealing and take it slowly. Have fun! □





CATIE DIRTY WORK

Photography by MATTI KLATT

Clean, smooth and creamy, Catie thinks she's too good for the boss's crude advances. He owns her now, and after the boys take her out back for a little attitude adjustment, she won't be so prissy and pure. Gagged and hogtied on a pile of burlap sacks, she watches, sweating, while they pick out a tree branch to sling her cuffed wrists over. She cries out, never knowing before how hard a man can spank. Pinching her nipples, grabbing her crotch, they laugh about the nipple clamps and the whipping to come. Catie's whimpering and whining just brings out the worst in them. Maybe she'll appreciate the whip more upside down. The leather slashes across her tits, belly and cunt as she twists under each new impact, every muscle pulled taut to make the impact even worse.

What will she do to be let down? Offer every orifice to be fingered and probed with dildos? It's better than the whip. It's humiliating how wet this makes her. Her fear-filled bladder screams for relief, but they'll only let her empty it if she lies back in the old tire and pisses herself for them. She's such a dirty slut she deserves to be dragged through the mud. Afterward, they'll hose her down and take turns fucking her, but not before she packs her ass and rubs one out for them. The clothespins on her tits are painfully distracting, but Catie obeys. She'll never forget her place again.







HUSTLER'S TABOO

DECEMBER 2013

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*"I've still got two
holes left to fill."*

*xoxoxo
Catie*





PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEE FORBES

Catch That BUZZ

How the Handheld Vibrator Changed America

Special Feature by Ernest Greene



Who knew that the ubiquitous vibrating sex toy, a driving engine of The Sexual Revolution, was invented as a labor-saving device for overworked doctors?

Dr. Steven York, specialist in sexual medicine and provider of healthcare for the denizens of Porn Valley, knows that and a whole lot more about our favorite household appliance. He's studied its history, explored its various iterations over the years and possesses one of the largest and most varied collections of these devices anywhere on the planet. A veritable Dr. Good Vibes, he fully appreciates the social impact of this little widget, all the more so for his understanding of its humble beginnings.

"Back in the day," he explains, "women were believed to suffer from a uniquely female condition known as hysteria, which was believed to originate in the uterus (hence the name of the ailment, derived from the original Greek word *hysteria*, meaning uterus). Until more recently than you'd think, doctors considered the uterus a strange, wondrous, wandering and confusing organ causing all kinds of problems, including partial paral-



ysis, hallucinations and nervousness. It was believed that what were called 'paroxysms,' now known as orgasms, eased the symptoms of hysteria. In other words, orgasms made the patient feel better."



ing orgasms, originally through digital manipulation of the clitoris."

In other words, cranky wives were sent off to the doc for a quick jilling-off, from which they returned in much better moods. Wasn't this a rather controversial treatment, involving such intimate contact between doctor and patient?

"Not at all," York explains. "Women were believed to be asexual creatures at the time who weren't expected to enjoy sex. They were just supposed to lie back, spread their legs and think of England while the man satisfied his sexual needs. Female orgasms weren't considered sexu-

This may seem pretty obvious to modern readers, but it was big news to "progressive" physicians a hundred years ago, who routinely treated hysteria "by induc-





al, and having doctors masturbate female patients didn't even raise an eyebrow. In fact, certain doctors became well-known for their specialized techniques in performance of this necessary, if unwelcome, duty."

A dirty-minded person (raises hand) might suspect the hysteria problem was ginned up by pervy physicians as an excuse to get their hands in the cookie jar. The reality is even more disturbing. They considered it a burdensome, time-consuming task undertaken with weary reluctance.

"The earliest vibrators were marketed to doctors as labor-saving devices to relieve them of the stress of having to masturbate female patients all day."

This may not sound like such a bad way of spending one's working hours, but we don't think about sex as doctors did for hundreds of years, fortunately.

Says Rachel M. Maines in her wonderful book *The Technology of Orgasm*: "Massage to orgasm of female patients was a staple of medical practice among some (but certainly not all) Western physicians from the time of Hippocrates until the 1920s, and mechanizing this task significantly increased the number of patients a doctor could treat in a working day."

Thus the evolution of the vibrator as we know it was, like so many technologies, a response to economic demand. "Doctors," Maines explains, "inherited the task of producing orgasms in women because it was a job nobody else wanted."



The earliest "medical devices" created to satisfy demand among physicians were, as York describes them, Rube Goldberg pneumatic or steam-powered contraptions that often took up a whole room in the surgery. Others were hand-operated thumpers with mechanical cranks that resembled eggbeaters. Around 1880, Dr. Joseph Mortimer Granville patented an electromechanical vibrator that became popular with the medical profession almost immediately.

Early models, of which York's collection includes stunning examples, were big, clumsy, steel-bodied cylinders often controlled by a separate rheostat wired inline from the connecting cord. Since wall sockets weren't yet

common, many had adapters allowing them to be plugged into light sockets. Some had narrow, probe-shaped heads while others relied on circular pads or small spheres at the business end. Precursors to the modern wand vibe resembled German "potato-masher" grenades circa WWI. While not requiring separate compartments for steam power plants, the first electric models were still expensive and cumbersome, often requiring valises full of attachments, adapters and other gear to accomplish their clinical objectives.

Though advancing technology made the machinery more compact and easier to use, medical thinking was slower to progress. Though the notion of female orgasms as purely therapeutic had fallen by the wayside to some degree, the medical profession still made distinctions between the "right kind" and the "wrong kind." We have Sigmund Freud to thank for the notion that externally



induced clitoral orgasms were "immature" and that a sexually integrated woman experienced climax from penetration. Later research would reveal that only a minority of women orgasmed via penetration, but Freud's wacky ideas persisted into mid-century, when "Female Hysteria" was still listed in medical texts as a pathological condition.

Ironically, the vehicle by which the vibrator would make its way from the examining room to the bedroom turned out to be, of all things, stag movies.

"They began to appear as props in blue movies and were tainted by association," says York. "They fell into disuse with the medical profession beginning with their first appearances in smokers."

However, the gradual migration of the vibrator from medical instrument to home appliance had already begun at a subtle level before pornography essentially outed it as a sex toy. According to Maines, "The vibrator began to be marketed as a home appliance through advertising in such periodicals as *Needlecraft*, *Home Needlework Journal*, *Modern Women*, *Hearst's*, *McClure's*, *Woman's Home Companion* and *Modern Priscilla*. The device was marketed mainly to women as a health and relaxation



aid, in ambiguous phrases such as 'all the pleasures of youth will throb within you.'

As is so often the case, what advertising promised with a nudge and a wink, porn delivered in explicit form. By the mid-'40s, major American appliance companies had begun a gold rush into the manufacture of buzzers for home use (though they still referred to them euphemistically as "mas-

sagers"). Sears-Roebuck had been an early adopter, offering them through catalogs as early as 1918 (making the vibrator among the first five electrified appliances for home use), but other big names were soon in competition.

In York's words, "Recreational use exploded. Major appliance brands including Toastmaster, Hamilton-Beach, Wahl, Oster, Helena Rubenstein and even Amway entered the race, mostly with variations on what would become the standard wand-vibe, although pistol-grip models and over-the-hand versions had their enthusiasts."

Still, it wasn't until the Sexual Revolution of the '60s raged in full force that the vibrator could emerge from the closet, stop pretending to be a neck massager and claim its rightful place as the most popular sex toy of all time. Battery-powered, bullet-shaped models started popping up in sex shops. Fancier plug-in mod-





els like the Prelude were advertised in men's magazines, women's magazines and health magazines simultaneously.

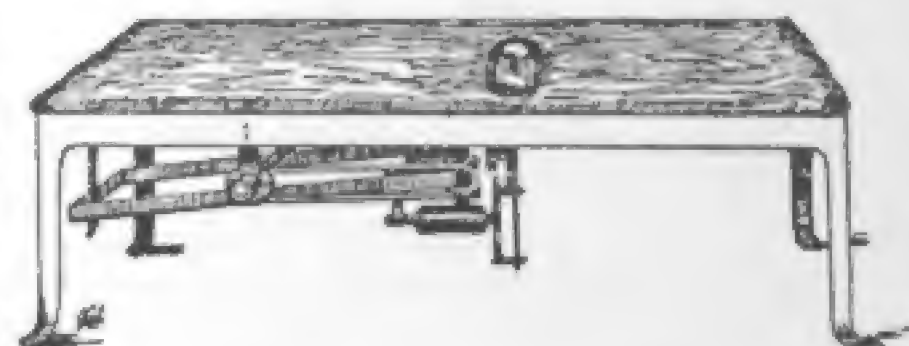
But the vibrator as a symbol of the new consciousness about female orgasms was cemented by a single book. The importance of Betty Dodson's 1974 classic *Liberating Masturbation. A Meditation on Self Love* would be difficult to overstate. Dodson, a pioneer of what has come to be called Sex-Positive Feminism, argued that, until women took control of their own orgasms, they would still live under the shadow of antiquated notions about "female hysteria."

The primary weapon of Dodson's orgasmic revolution, tested in Dodson's directed

masturbation workshops, would be the Hitachi Magic Wand, an item now familiar to households all over the world. Its simple, powerful, sturdy design and dependable 6,000-rpm oscillation made it the favorite of millions of women worldwide. It would also prove a somewhat troublesome booster of the manufacturer's profits. The company executives were far from unaware of its most common use, but never embraced it. Hitachi refused to offer it in any color other than clinical white or make other esthetic concessions in its design. Indeed, the company finally took its name off the device, which is now sold in this country by buzzer-giant Vibratex as "The Original Magic Wand." Even now, the nudging and winking surrounding vibrator use for sexual satisfaction continues, albeit not everywhere.

A new generation of designers has embraced the vibrator's orgasmic potential, created a wide range of exotic variants and

offers them in a dazzling array of sizes, shapes and colors. Cordless models and submersibles now share shelf space with what look like *Star Trek* props. Some are pocket-size and resemble lipstick tubes. Some are as curvaceous as Henry Miller sculptures, sheathed in colorful, soft polymer coatings and carrying three-digit price



tags. Some are derived from the Japanese "rabbit pearl" and contain tiny spheres that jump around inside the housing, which is often fitted with external attachments for stimulating the clitoris and/or anus simultaneously. One Parisian jeweler offers a platinum-and-diamond model for \$60,000.



It's hardly surprising that this vibrator arms race has not escaped the attention of kinksters. Fetishists are by nature inclined to sexualize objects, and those objects that arrive presexualized are quickly adopted, and adapted, for uses parallel to those the designers had in mind but often employed with a twist.

While the vibrator has become an icon of feminine independence in some circles, it can just as easily function as an instrument of control. The more powerful models are capable of doing something of which dominants could only dream heretofore: inducing orgasms. Applied to a restrained body, they can make climax literally inescapable. They can be mounted on various stationary devices to apply stimulation at precise locations for whatever duration a dominant dictates. They can be used sadistically for evil teasing or offered as a reward for desired behavior. By alternating their use with endorphin-producing instruments ranging from rattan canes to electrified butt-plugs, they can propel a partner into sub-space like a booster rocket.



Some battery-powered models are designed for wear discreetly under clothing, which presents amusing possibilities for public humiliation on the sly. A few even have remote controls, giving the power to the remote holder of getting a partner off unexpectedly at will. Employed with other sex-tech items, such as penetrative fucking machines, they can allow the operator to sit back and watch while a bound playmate is subjected to total orgasmic surrender. It is, in every sense, a true power tool.

Where will vibrators go from here? Our guess is that they will get smaller, more powerful and more versatile. Even the most sophisticated existing models offer a fairly limited range of speeds and frequencies that could certainly be broadened. They could also be made programmable to match the user's orgasmic curve, starting at low intensity and ramping up in response to physical reactions. In short, they could be made smarter. While increasingly complex and versatile, they remain basically dumb machines that require human intervention



to be effective. Given the history of human ingenuity where sex is concerned, it's not hard to imagine a time in which vibrators are synchronized to specific individual tastes and coordinated to operate with other mechanized pleasure devices.

Though we no longer rely on steam power, the basic technology of the vibrator has changed little since its invention, and it

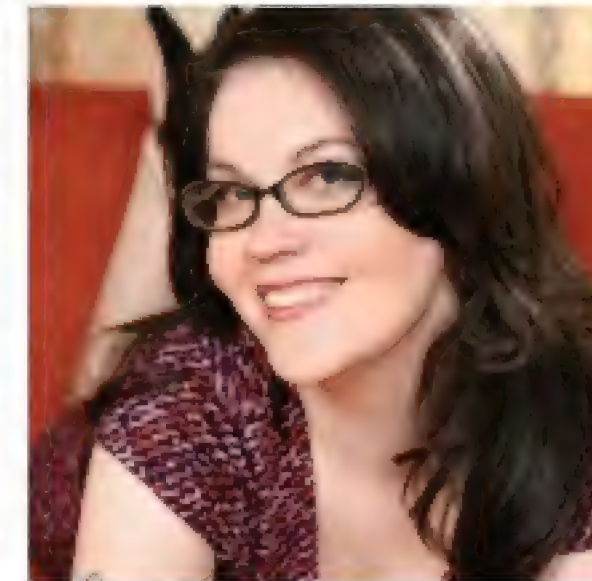
would be surprising if that continued indefinitely. Right now, somebody somewhere is working on a whole new approach to vibratory stimulation from which future players will benefit. We've come a long way from the era of vibrators as treatment tools for imaginary illnesses, but we've still got a long way to go in exploiting the full potential of Dr. Granville's quiver-inducing inspiration. □



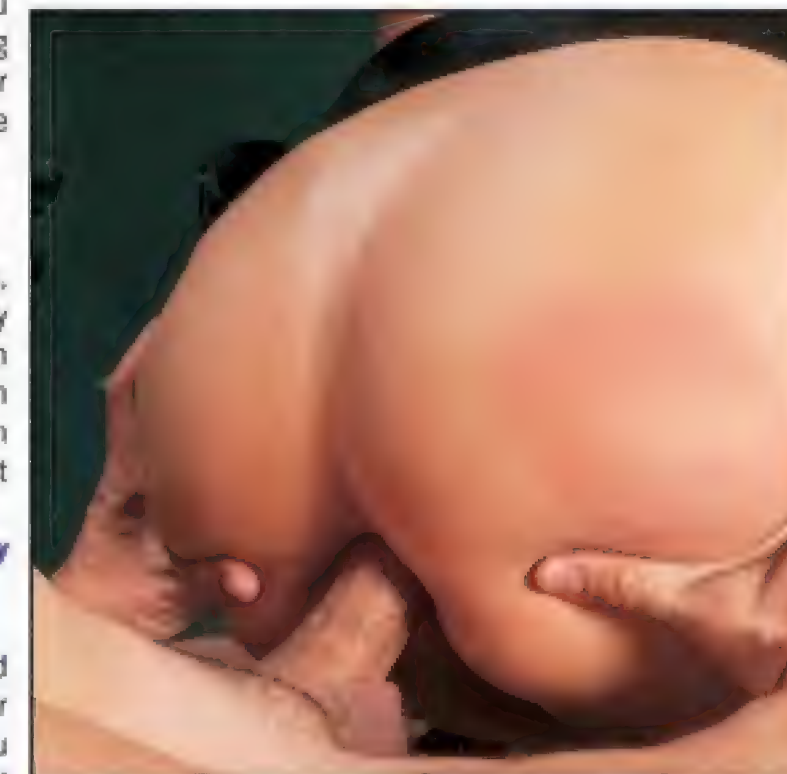


ANAL ADVISOR

BY TRISTAN TAORMINO



Welcome to my column, *Anal Advisor*. I'm Tristan Taormino, author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* and producer/director/star of the video of the same name. In addition to being a writer and editor, I teach sex workshops all over the world. I receive dozens of letters and e-mails daily about anal sex, and I love to share a few of those questions and answers with all of you. For more anal advice and adventures, check out my Web site, puckerup.com, and my reality porn series for Vivid called *Chemistry*.



DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I've got two questions: First, what is the best route to achieving a nicely stretched asshole? I thoroughly enjoy the feeling of a plug in my ass but would love something bigger. Next, does Tristan, the butt-plug named for you, hold up well to long-term wear? Is it comfy for extended periods?

—*Ready for More*

Dear Ready:

I'll address your second question first: Yes, the Tristan plug, made by Vixen Creations (vixencreations.com) works very well for long-term wear. The plug's unique shape (with a mushroom cap head and a thicker neck) makes sure it goes in and stays in. Use plenty of water-based lube and work your way up to wearing it for longer periods of time. You should be aware of the plug in your ass—that's part of the fun—but it should not be painful. If it starts getting uncomfortable, the lube may have dried up. Take it out, relube it and slide it back in. If that doesn't make a difference, leave it out and call it a day. As for your first question, a butt-plug is a great way to "train" your ass. If you gradually increase the size of the plug and the length of time you wear it, your butt will get used to it and you'll be able to take bigger toys.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

My boyfriend's cock is very, very large, and I need some advice. We want to try anal but I'm a little intimidated. I'm wondering if there is a certain position that allows for easier anal penetration and if you have any other advice about accommodating a big penis.

—*Love My Big Boy*

Dear Love:

A big cock is nothing to mess around with. You definitely want to warm your ass up a lot before penetration. You can start with well-lubed fingers and small toys. I often recommend you work your way up to a dildo or plug that's one step down from the cock you're hoping to take. Once that feels comfortable you can try the genuine article. Experiment with positions that allow you to control the depth of penetration, like cowgirl (you on top facing him), froggie (you on top facing him while supporting yourself on your feet rather than your knees), reverse cowgirl (you on top facing away from him) or Yab Yum (you sitting in his lap). You can also try spooning, which is great for shallower penetration and less powerful thrusting compared to other positions. Use plenty of lube and go as slowly as you need to.

Make sure you call the shots!

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

My partner and I want to be safe when we have anal sex, so we're going to use condoms. I want to make sure we use a lube that doesn't break down the condom. Although I'm convinced it will be a tight squeeze, he still insists on using those ribbed condoms (which I don't know if I can handle). He talked about using a desensitizing lube on the inside of the condom so he can last a lot longer, because sometimes he comes too quickly. But are desensitizing lubes safe for condoms?

—*Curious About Condoms*

Dear Curious:

Water-based and silicone lubes are compatible with latex condoms or latex alternatives (like polyurethane or polyisoprene). I don't recommend lambskin condoms since they don't prevent the transmission of some sexually transmitted infections, including HIV and herpes. You want to avoid all oil-based lubricants. Those are the ones that break down latex and render safer-sex barriers useless. Some receptive partners can't tell the difference with textured condoms while others say they prefer a smooth condom. You should probably give them both a try to see if you have a preference. As long as the desensitizing lube does not contain any oil products, it's safe to use with condoms.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I just discovered your website while I was fingering my ass! Very nice! I am a man who likes to be fucked in the ass. I also enjoy licking and sticking my tongue in a woman's ass. I have a new girlfriend who I really like, but she doesn't seem that into anal sex. I'm wondering if you recommend

some specific technique or way to go about it so that she may be more open to the idea? I really want this because ultimately I want her to be really brutal with my ass. Sometimes I spend an entire night trying to penetrate myself with large objects. I also want her to pee in me. Is this something with which you have any experience? I really like her and don't want to do anything that doesn't turn her on in some way. Is it weird to fantasize about a girl peeing into my open asshole? Are there any girls out there that would enjoy that kind of kink?

—*Kinky Ass*

Dear Kinky:

You need to be honest. I know plenty of men who are into giving and receiving anal sex, big anal toys, kinky sex and piss play. You are definitely not alone in your turn-ons. You said "she doesn't seem that into anal sex," which makes me wonder if you've had an honest, open conversation about your anal sex fantasies. Be direct with her so you can figure out if you're sexually compatible. There is no magic technique that will make her like anal sex, but being a patient, caring lover and using plenty of lube will go a long way toward making the best impression you can. I commend you for your wish that she be turned on in some way by your turn-ons. But I also want you to realize that no couple is 100% sexually compatible, and that's okay. ☐



LILLY

THRILL RIDE

Photography by LIGHTWORSHIP

Money can't buy love, but it can buy a pretty sub chick for a hot night in the garage. After all, it was her idea to check out his cool car, and the location is convenient for what he has in mind. Lilly can pretty much imagine where things are headed from the moment he bends her over, pulls down her panties and checks out her bits as if shopping for dinner. The collar circles her throat and his firm hand pounds her backside to further clarify the situation.

Down on her knees with a leash around her neck, Lilly is a sleek ride herself, and he's all about tuning her up to maximum performance. Making Lilly pump herself with the thick dildo certainly gets her revved up and well lubed in a hurry, although a little extra oil rubbed into her tits couldn't hurt. She certainly shines up nicely. Making her squat over a mirror so he can admire her clean-shaven undercarriage while she works the rubber prod and sucks a matching rod allows her to demonstrate her handling qualities to best advantage. Of course, by now she needs to drain her crankcase, but she'll have to do it balancing on her toes on a pair of big paint cans and shooting her stream under high pressure for a full discharge before he plugs her ass and trusses her for the trunk. She's going out for a little test-drive before he brings her back to slip in his driveshaft. Nothing like a little shakeout to ensure top performance.









CJ AND CHOKY

Cropped for the Cream

Photography by ANDRE BAYLOCK



The commander knows how to keep up morale. The pretty little collaborator is Choky's to play with until her hair grows back and she can be seen in public again. He keeps her naked in the barn behind the barracks, appreciating the completeness of the shave-job they did on her. By now CJ's pretty compliant, but just as a reminder, he puts the clamp around her slender neck and tightens it down until she gasps for permission to suck his cock.

Obviously she's in need of further reeducation. It's been a long time since she's had a toilet privilege. Maybe she's ready to piss in the big jar with her legs spread like she's been told. She

can't hold back from peeing into the shameful funnel while he looks on, casually masturbating, but she still balks and chokes at drinking down her own juices. For that, CJ gets the hated yokes once again, pinioning her wrists and ankles so he can work her over with the heavy belt. The pretty bitch is a real screamer, but nobody's listening as the thick leather bites into her firm rump over and over. Only when she's reduced to complete docility does CJ merit the privilege of servicing her keeper, who savors the soft downiness of her scalp while he frosts her face. It's going to be a long time before CJ's fit to be seen in public again, and Choky's going to enjoy every cruel moment of it.











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THRUST sergeant!
More THRUST!!

I still don't feel she's
highly MOTIVATED...

NMMFF!!

UGH!
UGH!
UGH!

We'll have to engage the
Major's favorite WEAPON!

Of course you take the BACK door,
while I frontal assault the target!!

ROBERTS

Roger THAT...heh heh..

NOO!! PLEASE!!



CAPTAIN!! HEY YO!! CAPTAIN!! MAJOR
WANTS YOU ON-POST DOUBLETIME!

CAPTAIN?

HELL-OO...?



YEEOOO!! CAPTAIN!!

CAAAP-TAAAIN...!!

well fuck...



BOOM! BOOM!



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Bailey knows the hanging cage is designed to humiliate her. Strung up naked in the ball of steel bars with her ankles high and her holes down, she has no more control over her fate than a cat toy. She can be penetrated at will, swung back and forth for ease of use or poked with the assorted toys at hand. Worse, she gets to suck those toys clean of her own juices while pilloried, regardless of which hole they've been in. Eventually, she'll be chosen by one of the Masters to be wheeled, splayed on a gurney, to his chambers like a room-service dessert. Of course, she draws the one who pisses in a glass and makes her drink it. If she weren't shameless, she'd be ashamed.

Life's no easier for Pepper. No matter how hard she tries to mince gracefully in her ballet shoes, she still ends up in the kneeling stocks with the crop slapping away at her tits, ass, feet and other sensitive parts. Doing no better at her next attempt, she gets iced down before whipping, making the whole process even more painful. Only when she gets her steps right does Pepper receive the minor comfort of a forced orgasm with a dildo.

But wait, there's more. Not only are there more hot babes bound and boffed, you'll find good advice on blazing butt-sex from Tristan Taormino, sage sayings for slaves from Nina Hartley, further secrets unveiled in Fetish Focus, some nasty art to fire your imagination, and a dark and dirty story to start your new year off right.



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will she?

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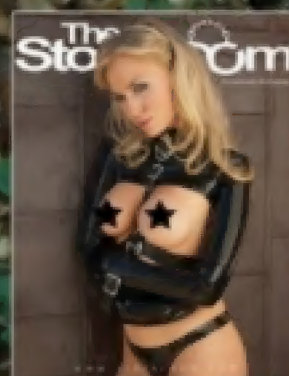
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